THE VOICE.

Unveil the Lightning's eye ; arouse
The fire that sleeps, against this house !

*[**Fire** leaps up on the Tomb of Semeli*

A MAIDEN.

Ah, saw ye, marked ye there the flame
From Semele's enhallowed sod
Awakened ? Yea, the Death that ainie
Ablaze from heaven of old, the sanic
Hot splendour of the shaft of God ?

LEADER.

Oh, cast ye, cast ye, to the earth
The Lord
Cometh against this house !
Oh, cast ye down,
Ye trembling damsels ; He, our own adored,
God's Child hath come, ami all is overthrown !

[The Maidens cast themselves upon the ground^ their eyes earthward DIONYSUS, *a tune and unbound^ inters from the Cuttle**

DIONYSUS.

Ye Damsels of the Morning Hills, why lie ye thus dismayed ?
Ye marked him, then, our Master, and the mighty hand her laid
On tower and rock, shaking the house of Penthcus ?
—But arise,
And cast the trembling from your flesh, and lift untroubled eyes.